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THE MARTYRS OF HELL

By LOLA RIDGE.

Not your martyers anointed of heaven
The ages are red where they trod;
But the hunted—the world's bitter leaven,
Who smote at your imbecile God:

A being to pander and fawn to;
To propitiate, flatter, and dread
As a thing that your souls are in pawn to,
A dealer that barters the dead;

Who gloats with a vengeance unsated,
And sells the lost souls in His snares
Who were trapped in the lusts He created—
For incense and masses and prayers.

They are crushed in the coils of your halters:
'Twere well, by the creeds ye have nursed,
To send up a cry from your altars,
A mass for the martyers accursed.

Just a passionate prayer for reprieval,
For the Brotherhood not understood—
For the heroes who died for the evil,
Believing the evil was good.

Here's a toast that has never been given;
Listen, thralls of the Book and the Bell:

To the souls of the martyrs unshriven,
The bondmen who dared to rebel—

To the Breakers, the Bold, the Despoilers,
Who dreamed of a world overthrown;
They who died for the millions of toilers,
Few—fronting the nations alone;

To the Outlawed of men and the Branded,
Whether hated or hating they fell,
I pledge the devoted, red-handed,
Unfaltering heroes of hell!

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT is fashionable among a certain element of the intellectual *blasé* to insist that, after all, progress is but a fiction. We are to-day no nearer the solution of Life's problems—so runs their legend—than were the ancients. The Greek philosophers were no less profound than their modern colleagues; we think the same thoughts, live essentially the same lives, and just as ineffectively question the ever mute Sphinx.

'Tis a fallacy of the poor in faith, the weak in sight and hope. We have not, indeed, solved *all* the problems that have vexed mankind since the dawn of civilization. But Life is a tangled skein whose threads must be unwound laboriously, one by one.

Aeons have rolled into the ocean of eternity ere man first struck the mental flint that discovered to him the very presence of Life's Sphinx. The scales of superstition and ignorance fell one by one from his sight, till at last he dimly beheld the tangled skein. And as the light grew, and the waters of time clarified man's vision, his unsteady hand groped among the threads, tugging here and there, seeking the beginning or end, ever seeking in darkness. In vain he pleaded for aid, divine or human; in vain he implored. Yet not all in vain: his cries strengthened his voice, and his tears purified his sight. The agony of suffering was slowly piercing the tangle, and the enigma was imperceptibly dissolving in the tears of his great need. And lo! suddenly he beheld a beautiful maiden, and in her hand he saw firmly grasped the loose end of Life's woof.

Nor could the liberating Ariadne altogether unravel the tangled skein. But the modern Theseus is following her through the winding paths of the labyrinth, out into the open road of final solution.

And the maiden's name was Mechanical Invention.

* * *

THE smug and self-satisfied are but too apt to forget that they live in houses built on sand. They follow the usual course of their lives, make profits out of the widows and orphans, and proclaim with pious unction that we live in the best of all worlds.

But once in a while something happens, a link in the social chain is broken, and the whole rotten fabric begins to totter and threatens to fall. Then the good people wake up and wonder what has disturbed the even tenor of their lives. One after another they miss their customary pleasures, and grow angry at the deprivation. Soon they realize their very existence imperiled, and consternation reigns in the camp of respectable stupidity.

What happened? 'Tis the slave becoming unruly. The greedy workingman again making impertinent demands. Only the workingman. But the whole elaborate structure is trembling and its very foundations seem to be sinking.

The recent strike of the French postal and telegraph employees has shaken respectable society to its very core. It is, indeed, terrible to realize that our leisure and comforts, nay, our very necessaries, depend upon the good will of mere labor. Why, if labor were so minded it could suddenly stop all the wheels of civilization; not a stroke of work could be done; we might even be degraded to the pangs of vulgar hunger.

Why, it is terrible.

* * *

IT is probably the first time in the history of modern labor that the tremendous power of solidaric effort has been so conclusively demonstrated. Never before have we witnessed such a convincing object lesson as to the efficacy of direct action and the invincible strength of co-operation. The General Strike of the workmen of but *one* department of industry was sufficient to put a great country absolutely at the mercy of the strikers. What, then, would happen if the producers of several or of *all*

industrial departments were to assert their rights to life, backing such assertion by a general national and international strike?

Mighty Labor, the world is yours, if you but will it.

* * *

IT is to be hoped that the organized labor of this country will soon grow out of its diapers and attain manhood.

If the United Mine Workers intend to follow the usual ridiculous tactics of "preparing" for a strike by protracted dilly-dallying with the operators, it were the part of wisdom to capitulate at once. Much time, energy, and suffering would thus be obviated. But if the miners really want to make their demands heard and respected, they cannot afford to waste time in baby-acting, conferring and carrying on long palavers with the mine owners. The latter merely want to *prepare themselves*—with scabs and millions of tons of mined coal.

The Achilles of capitalism has but one vulnerable spot: the pocket. To force the exploiters to make concessions, the producers must use drastic methods, acting quickly, energetically, effectively. Instead of preparing the enemy by interminable and profitless discussions and parleys, he should be treated as an enemy. Nor should the interests of labor be entrusted to weak, incompetent, or treacherous leaders. Direct action is the motto. Solidaric co-operation of rank and file, the means. If you strike, strike hard. The method of sudden and complete cessation of work, a determined stand, and no compromise, will alone ensure speedy victory.

* * *

WE learn from recent statistics that crime in New York keeps ahead of the city's growth. The same holds true of the county and State. While population has increased four per cent., the rise in crime has grown ten per cent. The overcrowded condition of penitentiaries and prisons in New York State is not peculiar to the latter. Information from many other States indicates that similar conditions also prevail there. The prison officials, almost without exception, attribute the increase of crime to "two circumstances: the hard times and the influx of aliens."

The two circumstances are, in reality, but different aspects of one and the same cause. For, indeed, the influx of aliens is but an indication of the hard times prevalent in European countries. Hard times in America and increased immigration from abroad merely mean that the masses everywhere, in *all* countries, are suffering want and poverty. Yet these masses work and produce. Why are they in want? What becomes of the products they create in such abundance?

The answer to this question will at the same time explain the prevalence of crime. Monopoly and privilege, aided by government, have divorced the producers from the machinery of production. Helpless without the latter, labor is forced to sell its power for whatever pittance the lords of the land and the captains of industry are willing to give. Deprived of the full equivalent of their work, the masses cannot buy back their products. Hence "overproduction," in the midst of nameless misery, hard times, and "superfluous" labor power.

What is the jobless man to do? Unemployment has become the chief problem of our civilization. It fills our prisons, builds new ones and overcrowds them, and still crime is on the increase, and hard times grow harder. And all the while the masters of life wax more insolent and reckless, turning the earth into a furnace of misery and suffering, and the State continues to torture and murder the children of its own iniquity.

But the hour of atonement is approaching. The ghost will not down.

* * *

IT would seem that in our Christian civilization the difference between right and wrong is one of terminology only. Thus the hungry man who takes a loaf of bread is a thief; but he who steals four-fifths of your product is called a manufacturer. To appropriate a dollar that does not belong to you is robbery; to grab a million acres is business. If you kill in sudden passion, it is murder. If you electrocute your enemy with deliberate preparation, it is justice.

When a wrong is right is decided, in all orderly communities, by the government. That is a body composed of the most learned, incorruptible, and unselfish social elements. The decisions of government are based on a book

of classified right and wrong. This sacred book is called the Law. The Law is steadily enlarged by the addition of new laws, abolishing former laws. Laws may contradict and nullify each other, but the Law is unchangeable. Laws come and go, but the Law remains intact. The Law is always the Right. It cannot err. It knows no distinction of sex or color. It kills alike male and female, white and black. It knows neither pity nor mercy. Only Duty: the duty of upholding the Existing, the Accepted Fact, the Law and its Makers.

Great is the Law. It transcends right and wrong. 'Tis the Law.

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ANARCHISM AND MALTHUS

By C. L. JAMES.

JOHN STUART MILL, who knew little about the difference between Anarchism and Socialism, but sympathized with both, as far as he understood them, has left on record the sentiment that the Malthusian theory, long considered the fatal objection to Socialism, might prove the strongest argument in its favor. Being much of that opinion myself, I have long desired Malthus, a writer of whom everybody talks and whom nobody reads, to be more generally understood. His life and character strike me as very irrelevant to his reasonings; but since prejudice always insists on getting them in, and generally tells lies about them, here is the truth. Daniel Malthus was the friend and executor of Rousseau. It need not be said, he was a radical. He was also an author to whom some literary merit is attributed; but he always wrote anonymously. His social grade was that of an English "gentleman," living on an income derived from some sort of stock. That he was pretty rich, and that he met with financial reverses, may be inferred from the facts that he passed through the University of Cambridge as a student in the most expensive class; but his son, Thomas Robert Malthus, the economist, was sent there on a cheaper plan; at which time we also find that the family, though increased, had moved into a smaller house than that where he was born. Here, during the winter of 1797, the father and

son had some arguments about the merits of *Political Justice,* a book recently published by William Godwin (husband of Mary Wollestonecraft, and father-in-law of Percy Bysche Shelley). Godwin was an Anarchist of that early unscientific type which preceded Marx and Proudhon. Like his French contemporary, Condorcet, he vaguely entertained those ideas to which Saint Simon, about twenty-four years later, gave precision. That prodigious increase of wealth-producing arts which marked the last quarter of the eighteenth century was transforming military into industrial organization. The trades of the soldier, the legislator, the judge, the jailer, the sovereign, and the hangman, would soon be discarded as useless by a generation whom commerce was bringing to understand human solidarity. Commerce itself, by its effect in cheapening the means of life, would be obliged to make way for Communism. The Golden Age, the Paradisacal State, was not only before, instead of behind us—it was at the door. The courageous optimism which could think so when the greatest of popular revolutions was, after fearful bloodshed, in the act of transformation into a conquering military despotism, does credit to Godwin's heart, and his imagination; and the elder Malthus was delighted. But the younger pointed out difficulties. In Godwin's Utopia, life was to be maintained so easily that the "struggle for existence" (a phrase used by Malthus) would have ceased and population, naturally, would increase fast. For things had by no means come to that in the United States, where the settlers were still killing Indians and working negro slaves; where they had fought seven years against a tax, and were in the act of domestic rebellion for cheap whiskey. Yet even in the United States living was so easy, that population, aside from immigration, doubled every twenty-five years. No such rate of increase could possibly continue. As this is a point on which ignorant critics of Malthus continually blunder, we will try to get it clear. The ignorant critics speak about destructive effects of this increase as if it were equally remote with the earth's falling into the sun, or the extinction of the sun itself. But anyone who can use a table of logarithms may convince himself in five minutes that the progeny of one Adam and Eve, doubling every twenty-five years, would pack like oranges in a box, not

after geologic aeons, but in a few centuries. Of course no such result is possible. Yet it would evidently happen but that something hinders. What does? Increase of the death-rate. This comes in various forms, all horrible to contemplate. Densely peopled countries, India, China, Egypt, Ireland, are mostly very liable to famine. Those happier in this respect have had dire experience that crowding and pestilence go together. Even where these destroying angels spare to smite for the sins of the people, the mortality of cities, notwithstanding all their opulence and knowledge, is invariably higher than that of the poorer, ruder country. But above all other things, war has been not only a check on overpopulation, but a proof that even very ignorant people know a check is needed. That they may not starve, cannibals fight and cut each other. Shepherds, indeed, cannot starve while their flocks are fed; for the flocks increase faster than the men.* But the flocks must have food as well as the men; and, because they increase faster, they reach the limit beyond which they cannot be supported, sooner. Then the shepherd-peoples also resort to war. They sweep across three continents under the black banner of Mahomet, or, perhaps, they are defeated, and almost annihilated, in a battle like that of Aqua Sextiae, by the richer and more civilized neighbors whose territories they have invaded. Either way, the problem of over-population is solved for some time, so far as they are concerned with it. In agricultural countries, war is less popular. But when a government able to suppress it through a wide region arises, famine takes its place, unless the birth-rate be reduced at the same time. A great object-lesson of the kind had recently been seen in India. The first of her recorded famines on a large scale occurred under Anrungzebe,—the first sovereign who really ruled all India. And observe, this could be attributed to nothing but cessation of war, which, when famine threatened, had previously offered a more hopeful way of dying; for, except cessation of war, there had been no important change in the customs of India to account for so terrible a change in the

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*This is one of Henry George's arguments to show that population may increase indefinitely—an argument utterly idiotic, as the next sentence shows.

results. The alternative of war or famine is likewise so generally understood that, though backward agricultural peoples are less pugnacious than the cattle-breeders, war was everywhere, always, the principal fact in their history, till it ended, as war normally does, in extensive conquests like those of the Great Moguls. In the highest state of civilization, where there are important manufactures and extensive commerce, there is less war than anywhere else. But even so typically modern a country as England had been at war fifty years in the preceding hundred, and if we clear our minds of cant about "rights," "international law," "the balance of power," and other diplomatic flim-flam, we shall find that the true object of a modern war is a commercial advantage; that nations get ready to fight for a commercial advantage when the pressure of increasing population makes the advantage sufficiently necessary. That increase of the population is the fundamental cause of war,—"*teterrina causa belli*"—as it always was. Now, Mr. Godwin is witness that war is the cause of government, slavery, serfdom, laws, punishments, unequal distribution of wealth. If, therefore, his Utopia, which is to banish all such things, were established, it could not last; and we should soon have them all back unless a way be found of checking propagation. But, in truth, too much is conceded in supposing his Utopia established at all. Since men were cannibals, some slow approaches to it have, indeed, been made. The tortoise of industry may be tiring out the hares of lust and plunder; but Mr. Godwin himself shows us that they are a long way ahead of her still; and to imagine them laid asleep by his Arcadian rhetoric is to show ignorance of human nature. All which led Malthus Jr. to another series of reflections. What he called Positive Checks on population—those which increase the death-rate—are inevitable, if propagation goes on at American speed, which, under Utopian conditions, it should exceed. But, generally speaking, it does not go on so fast. There are, then, Checks on population, of a different sort—Preventive—those which diminish the birth-rate. It is evident that there are many checks of this kind—among them vicious practices. But on these, Malthus, a clergyman, had no mercy. He classed them as Positive Checks,—appearing to hold, rather dogmatically, that they restrain

increase as much by raising the death-rate as by lowering the birth-rate; nor did he withhold this censure from the least injurious among them, such as those afterwards proposed by the Malthusian Socialist, Robert Owen.* The only check which Malthus would admit to be truly Preventive, or Prudential, is continence. This check is, certainly, far from inefficacious. The lowest savages, who graze like apes, know, indeed, nothing about it. But in the stage of hunting nomadism, a young man is not allowed to marry till the cruel rites of barbarian confirmation have proved him fit for his father's trade of war. If he cannot pass, he is good for nothing but a priest; and where priests do not fight (as sometimes they do) the general rule is that they are celibates. Among cattle-raising nomads, polygamy prevails; and men who are not smart enough to acquire stock can get no wives. In the agricultural state, and still more the commercial, it is mere commonplace that to marry without the means of supporting a family is imprudent. Thus, from the lowest conditions of man to the highest, we find continence increasing uniformly with civilization, except as superstition sometimes intervenes to cause a factitious increase, which, we may suspect, of being rather apparent than real. In that increasing celibacy whose causes are economic, much, no doubt, is loose; but much is genuine. It requires some force of character, some foresight, some judgment, to do what Jacob did for Rachel. Yet this is what many young men do in all social states, from the nomadic shepherds upwards, but increasingly. If the qualities they show be among those which make success in the battle of life, as they very clearly are, has not Godwin's materialistic philosophy confounded effect with cause? Is it not this improvement of habits which has made increase in wealth and knowledge? If the latter

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* If he were wrong in this, he at least had something to say. Under the Roman Empire celibacy, of course, as a rule, improves, which, even under the Republic, had become a common way of avoiding the pecuniary pressure, increased to immense proportions. This saved the Roman peace from ending in famine, like the Mogul. But it did not avert dissolution of the Empire. Malthus would have been quite in the ordinary way of thinking if he attributed Roman misfortunes to Roman vice; and maintained that a chaste celibacy might have had better results.

fails, as we see it has so far failed, to "substitute the industrial *régime* for the military," is not that because the improvement of habits is by no means as general as are some of its superficial effects? A beggar may be made more comfortable in London than a king in Darkest Africa; but there is no making a fool anything else than a fool, or saving him from being pushed to the worst place among competitors wherever he may happen to live.

From these discussions sprang the famous essay of Malthus which was published in 1798. The prodigious sensation which it immediately produced caused five editions to follow during the author's life. The second, and most important, appeared in 1803. This book, with expansions, revisions, replies to critics,—in short, the subject of this book, variously handled—is coextensive with Malthus' literary activity. (He had, indeed, written an earlier pamphlet called *The Crisis,* in defense of Pitt's administration; but, by his father's advice, he kept it out of print.) The first edition of the Essay described its topic as the Principle of Population viewed with relation to the Future Improvement of Mankind. The motive of a critique on Godwin's *Political Justice* was still in Malthus' mind. He had also another reason for introducing his study in this way. Professing to be a Christian, and having recently taken holy orders, he knew well enough that he would be attacked on the ground of impugning the Divine goodness; and that no one would be so savage as his fellow-priests for this and other reasons. He, therefore, must have his theory about the future improvement of mankind, which, if not so rose-colored as Godwin's, must be sufficient for the pious purpose of vindicating the ways of God to man. Malthus professes, accordingly, to desire the future improvement of mankind as much as Godwin can desire it. The only question between them is about practicable means. Having argued as above that Godwin's Utopia, if set up, would fall; and, moreover, that it could not be set up, without a radical change in regard to an important relation which Godwin had forgotten to mention; Malthus proceeds to contend that his law of population, though it may seem hard to rebellious flesh, is, in truth, the law of human progress from the brute state of the lowest savage upwards. As distinctly as his most illustrious

pupil, Darwin, does Malthus perceive that "the struggle for existence" is what makes us progressively better fitted to exist. It is also what makes us more worthy. Terrible as have been the struggles, it is to them we owe it that we are not picking worms out of rotten trees, or ranging the sea-shore for carrion. It is because our ancestors were cannibals that they have, everywhere except in the most inaccessible jungles and islands, exterminated those weaker brothers of theirs who could be content with wild fruits or dead fish. That, as here, so at every later step in the struggle, whether between nations or individuals, the world has been made better by the success of the strongest, bravest, and shrewdest, can scarcely, indeed, be disputed, but it will not be adequately understood without our realizing that the improvement has been moral, no less than physical and intellectual. On a general view, it seems evident enough that the vices—sloth, cowardice, conceit, spite, envy, vanity, ill-temper, gluttony, lasciviousness,—are decided handicaps in the struggle, which must be, and are, wearing down, through the ill-success of those in whom they principally prevail. Of two only—avarice and falsehood—can it be pretended that they help anyone to outdo competitors. But too much is allowed in granting that they generally do. They may help an individual on a pinch. But compare nations, classes, sects, parties, whose lives are longer than those of individuals—nay, compare, not two but many, individuals—and it will be clear enough that neither piggishness nor rascality pays; that cunning, though an advantage in itself, is no such advantage as a reputation for veracity; that though generosity is often imprudent, it is not prudent to lack generosity. And thus the cynical saying that prudence is the only virtue God rewards, may be transfigured into this reverent sentiment that all the virtues can be deduced from the promises of one who will grant a sure reward to even prudence. Thus the actual causes of past improvement guide us to the process of future. The general direction is that in which Godwin can see no obstacles. War, slavery, punishments, inequalities of fortune and station, and the passions which cause them, are very bad things, to be avoided by every man, for himself, no less than for the sake of humanity. The man who will not fight if he can help it, is wiser than

the bully. But it does not do to forget that the best-tempered men will fight for life and those things without which life is worthless; that it is the diretcion of advantage in such necessary strife which has displaeed those who thought fighting a sufficient end by those who very reluctantly adopt it as a means; that the one great error, of imprudence in giving life before providing material to support life, will continue as long as committed, to make the struggle for existence inevitable. In the second edition of the Essay, all this elaborate Theodice disappears.* So do many rhetorical passages, chief among them the famous one about "Nature's mighty feast," which all the world quotes, and generally garbles. There was a reason for this change. Malthus was now a famous man. Attacks on his doctrines from the side of superstition had come, of course; but they did not amount to as much as he expected; and he had ceased to care for them.† By Socialists, if the term at this early date be proper, his work had been rather well received than otherwise—Godwin particularly using expressions which implied that he had learned by it; as, from his life and associations we should infer, he easily might. The day when demolishing Malthus appeared a part of every radical's appointed task, did not come till Ricardo (died 1823) had drawn certain inferences from the theory of Malthus, about which more anon. Of more interest to Malthus' scientific mind were criticisms on statistical and other positive grounds. He determined, therefore, in revising his Essay,

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* George says that the Malthusian theory did not originally involve the idea of progress. Referred even to the later editions of Malthus, this is incorrect; but for the first it is ridiculous, and shows at once that George never read what Malthus wrote in 1798.

† Those acquainted with Malthus in after life say he was one of the gentlest and most amiable of men; which we are also told about Ricardo and Adam Smith. But there are letters of his tutor extant, from which it appears that he had been a most pugnacious boy; and a phrenologist, reading his works with knowledge of their occasions, would find ground on every page for saying: "Firmness and combativeness, Large!" Malthus said that the charges of discouraging benevolence, and commending infanticide and abortion, etc., etc., gave him pain, when they were honest misunderstandings; but, considered as polemical tricks, he had learned to despise them, and got over answering.

to keep strictly within facts. Even the title was altered accordingly. His subject is declared to be, not the future improvement, but the past history and present prospects of mankind. In the substance of his reasoning there was one modification which his opponents naturally worked for all it was worth. In the edition of 1798 he had described the positive checks on population as "Vice and Misery," the preventive as based upon "the fear of them." A criticism, in which he admitted force, was that he had said nothing about hope. Ambition, the desire of improving one's condition, is certainly a chief cause of continence, and this is something more than fear of vice and misery for oneself or his posteritty. Acknowledging this, the tone of theorizing is certainly more optimistic than before. This change in Malthus' language, rather than his meaning, together with the confession that he should have been more explicit at first, is the basis of the criticism often made by Coleridge and others, that the theory is a truism from which nothing can be inferred. That it is no truism, but an extremely complicated equation, may certainly be inferred from the facility with which critics misunderstand it, the multiplicitty of ways in which they manage to do that, and the oft-recurring argument *ad verecundum*—it is very strange that Menu, Confucius, Moses, Solon, Cato, even the ascetic Roman Catholic publicists, should have held up increasing the species as a sacred duty; and that discovering the direful results of doing so should have been reserved for Malthus!* Of the four subsequent editions, nothing need be said here, except that they become progressively more statistical, comprehensive, and bold, until even friendly critics thought he would have been clearer for taking less pains to be clear.

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* George, whose "refutation of Malthus" is useful because it gives in epitome those of every one else, with exquisite consistency, suggests both these views; sometimes wondering ironically that this great truth never was discovered before; sometimes intimating that it does not amount to a great truth, because everybody knows all the truth there is in it, and governs himself accordingly. That Malthus actually stated all the truth there is in this, would never be suspected by a reader of George.

(To be continued.)

THE END OF THE ODYSSEY

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

"PERSEVERANCE and postage stamps will get any article published"—is a favorite slogan of a friend of mine.

On several occasions, when I have sent contributions to some of the leading magazines, they were returned. Indeed, it would have been nothing short of a miracle had my articles been accepted. "Progressive ideas are all right, if presented in moderate form and by respectable writers. But Emma Goldman, who is neither . . . Dear me! How can we compromise our good standing." And so I stopped wasting Perseverance and postage stamps.

However, I can bear my friend out in the truth of his claim. Perseverance is indeed a wonderful factor in helping to overcome difficulties, especially when combined with postage stamps or their equivalent.

He who travels on the wings of imagination travels far—sometimes. At least I thought so last October, when I took leave of my few but faithful friends to begin my tour around the world.

Ere I had gone very far I had occasion to verify my friend's opinion as to Perseverance and postage stamps.

In India the people are often overtaken by famine epidemics, bringing great disaster to that John Bull ridden country. But how insignificant is the harm wrought by such awful outbreaks when compared to our national pest—election. Its poisonous effects are being felt at all times, but at no time does it assume such monstrous form as during a presidential campaign. Electiomania, America's greatest malady, far worse and more destructive than cholera. Will medical science never invent some serum to relieve us from its ravages? Just fancy talking reason or ideas to a feverish, delirious brain.

Perseverance and postage stamps suggested that cold compresses of reason have often broken the most stubborn fever. So for a month I diligently applied the cold-cure method. By the latter part of November my methods were crowned with success. The audiences began to show signs of normal temperature and an appetite for wholesome food. High-spirited and light-hearted, I swiftly

moved along the route of success for MOTHER EARTH, nearing to the Pacific Ocean and Australia.

But a new spectre appeared now on the firmament, black and sinister, challenging the utmost vigilance and perseverance— Christmas. What? The month of glad tidings—of peace on earth and good will to all—a spectre? Yes, a hideous, black, deceiving spectre, that has held the human mind in bondage for almost two thousand years. The legend of the birth of the Redeemer, like all legends, is based on a lie. It has gone on perpetuating itself, until to-day it serves but as an excuse for commercialism, greed, and petty speculation. Christmas—a howling, pushing, scrambling, obsessed bargain huntress; with no interest or time for anything, least of all for Christ himself, were he to chance into the madhouse at Christmas time.

Hopes were low, and postage stamps few. But Perseverance shook his mane and cried, Onward! Nor did he relax his grasp when confronted with police brutality and persecution.

In January I reached Los Angeles, very much depressed and weary. But the balmy clime of the sunny South, coupled with the devotion and thoughtfulness of friends, rejuvenated my spirit. Comrade Claude Riddle's skillful management of my meetings did the rest. I left the Angel City relieved from a heavy burden in the form of a considerable debt, with a hundred and fifty dollars for MOTHER EARTH'S friend, the enemy—our printer. But all that was as nothing compared to the hope and strength that were mine, thanks to the love and kindness of my Los Angeles friends.

San Francisco was to be my last battlefield, the date of my departure for Australia having been set for January 23d. The comrades of that city, with Alexander Horr as prime mover, left nothing undone to insure success; but the treacherous Conspiracy of Circumstances assassinated our efforts.

The Conspiracy of Circumstances! Who does not know its power, its quiet, persistent, merciless power. Unlike a foe of flesh and blood, one cannot meet it in open battle, or even escape it. It is always with you. Never in my experience did I feel its blind, relentless fury as during my stay in San Francisco. It was this inanimate, dumb, blind force that was ever at our heels, using a thousand

conceivable tricks to frustrate our every plan. More than once the Conspiracy of Circumstance was near succeeding. But Perseverance was no easy mark; especially the combined tenacity of sturdy warriors who met the enemy with unsheated sword.

It was a desperate battle, with Perseverance as victor, the Conspiracy of Circumstances eloping with all the postage stamps. No equivalent at hand to pay transportation to Australia, there was nothing left to do but to steer back to the little home of MOTHER EARTH. But Perseverance would not yield. The South, the South! it urged. Why not?

In all my travels I had never visited the South. Somehow the very thought of it conjured up horrible pictures—pictures of little victims in the cotton fields, of bodies dangling from trees, bodies mutilated to cinders and ashes. But when the idea of going to Texas was suggested to me, I recollected the wise saying, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." Remembering the sweatshops of the East with its countless victims, how could I condemn the South? Mindful of the race feuds in New York City, the burning of negroes in Springfield, Illinois, how could I cast stones?

After visiting Los Angeles, where I had two good meetings and a debate, I proceeded to Texas. It was indeed a rich experience—though not in postage stamps.

My first stop was El Paso, a city containing, among other nationalities, thirty thousand Mexicans, whom an American administration subservient to that monster Diaz, would not permit to hold public meetings addressed in Spanish. Perchance these poor victims might tell the horrors of their country, the terrible despotism, the appalling poverty, more terrible than in the domain of the Bloody Tsar.

The press of El Paso, with the exception of the *News,* thrives on the Judas Iscariot gold pieces, ground out of the Mexican peons. No wonder it was so venomous in its denunciation of Anarchism. But with all that we had one meeting in El Paso and disposed of some literature. The principal good, however, was done by the intelligent and fair editorial of the *News,* which of course would never have been written had I not visited the South.

San Antonio, the most southern city of Texas, with its

lazy, quiet, and easy-going exterior, with its old market place where slaves were bought and sold (selling and buying still continues with less cost to the modern master and with the consciousness of the slave that he is now *free* to sell himself). No hall could be procured in this city, except at a very high rent, and as the outlook was not promising, we decided to hold no meeting. But some propaganda was accomplished by several decent accounts in the local newspapers of interviews.

Houston looks like the average American city, but unlike others, it can boast of a miracle: the Chief of Police and Mayor offering the City Hall for a lecture by Emma Goldman. Who can say that the twentieth century lacks wonders? Having enjoyed the hospitality of the police so often without my consent, I could not accept their offer voluntarily. We secured a hall from some Catholic order, but when it became known that I would speak, the brethren thought Satan broke loose. Terror-stricken, they sent a committee to pay all our expenses and begged to be released from their contract. Who ever heard of a Catholic bargain with Hell?

For a time it looked as if Houston, too, would remain in darkness as to the real meaning of Anarchism. But, thanks to a few brave Houstonians, that city has now some excuse for being on the map. A group of Single Taxers came to our rescue in the freest and kindest spirit. The Single Tax "Log Cabin," donated by one of their comrades, Mr. J. J. Pastoriza, an extraordinary man in many respects, was turned over to our use. The Cabin is on the outskirts of the city, crude and rugged, with a romantic air about it, to satisfy the most poetic imagination. With lamps dimly lighting the place, and the men and women closely pressed together, it was nevertheless the most inspiring meeting of my entire tour. When I looked into the earnest faces, so near that I could almost touch them, I forgot the hardships of the past and the disappointments of the future—all I felt was the warm pulse of humanity, a rich, great, beautiful possibility of human brotherhood.

Man is greater than all theory. It is therefore of little moment whether Single Tax, economically, is but a petty reform and that, politically, it is hanging on the coat-tails of the Democratic party. As men I have found them the

bravest and staunchest champions of liberty in the widest sense. And that is a great deal more than can be said of the party which has a mortgage on "scientific" Socialism, with a premium on the densest kind of stupidity. Its cowardice of authority and intolerance of everything not baptized in the holy chruch of the Marxian-Engels rites, are really sickening. Of course, there are exceptions, but they merely prove the rule. The few Socialists of independent mind and spirit are not very long tolerated by the Holy Synod.

With two meetings in Fort Worth I closed the tour of Golgotha, and reached New York nailed to the cross of necessity.

Reviewing the struggle of the last six months, I can say that but for Perseverance it would have been impossible. But it was not that alone. My friends and comrades have a big share in the accomplished feat. Especially is this true of the San Francisco and Los Angeles comrades, whose efforts were truly heroic. By that I do not mean to undervalue the assistance of comrades in other cities. Indeed not. Everyone helped in his own way. The way may not always have been the right one, but that is only because most of our comrades make up in idealism what they lack in practical judgment.

However, more than anything else, the unfaltering optimism, the great zeal, and the cheerful bohemianism of our friend, Ben L. Reitman, helped to conquer many obstacles.

My tour to Australia is not abandoned; only postponed —until I can discover the eloped postage stamps. That I do not lack Perseverance our readers know.

Meanwhile I shall deliver a series of lectures in New York, the first to take place Sunday, April 11, 11 a. m., at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street.

The subject of my first lecture will be : "The Psychology of Violence."

The series will be continued during April and May, the lectures to take place Sunday mornings at Fraternity Hall, 100 West 116th street, corner Lenox avenue, New York.

AT LOS ANGELES

IF Emma Goldman had no other weapon in her armory, she wields one that will always work havoc with convention—that of directness. However one may differ, one knows what she is driving at, and there is no dilly-dallying with the outskirts of the question in hand. The result is applause, violent dissension, oftentimes the indignant rustle of skirts, and afterwards a buzz of excited conversation that fills the air with electricity and makes it difficult to clear the hall. In a word, one comes away with conviction that there has been thought in the making.

Personally I obbjected when I heard that Emma Goldman was to come back again to Los Angeles and debate the sex question with Mr. Cantrell. I objected because Mr. Cantrell had been delivering a series of most excellent lectures on Nietzsche, Stirner, and other radical writers, and drawing good houses. I found it hard to believe that he could conscientiously maintain the negative on the question selected for March 8, which was that "Free love without collective regulation is the only guarantee of a healthy race," and I was sure that he would be unwilling to sacrifice principle to the exigencies of debate.

Obviously, whoever believes that the collectivity must regulate the most private concern in life is placing the collectivity above and not below the individual; is equipping it with the most enormous power over the individual, and will be committed to an unending series of restrictive measures which he can justify only by the doctrine that the individual must be sacrificed to the good of the community. This brings one back directly to military conscription, the defense of Church and State, and all the hideous doctrine of slavery to institutions against which Anarchism is a righteous and peremptorily necessary protest.

It seemed to me—and for that reason I objected—that this was the position that Mr. Cantrell would be forced by the terms of the debate to occupy, and it was the position he actually took. He deliberately went, or was forced back, to the old State Socialist position that Benjamin R. Tucker stated so clearly some twenty years ago, and which I cannot do better than quote:

"Whatever, then, the State Socialists may claim or disclaim, their system, if adopted, is doomed to end in a State religion, to the expense of which all must contribute and at the altar of which all must kneel; a State school of medicine, by whose practitioners the sick must invariably be treated; a State system of hygiene, prescribing what all must and must not eat, drink, wear, and do; a State code of morals, which will not content itself with punishing crime, but will prohibit what the majority decide to be vice; a State system of instruction, which will do away with all private schools, academies, and colleges; a State nursery, in which all children must be brought up in common at the public expense; and, finally, a State family, with an attempt at stirpiculture, in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the State prohibits them, and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the State orders them. Thus will Authority achieve its acme, and Monopoly be carried to its highest power."

That is absolutely all there is to it. Enter on the State Socialist path of regulation and restriction, with the philosophy that the individual is the creature instead of the creator of the collectivity, to which he must be subject, and you arrive inevitably at Prohibition, Sabbatarianism, Comstockism, suppression of free speech, and Puritanic blue lawism.

When I have thus stated the issues set out in the debate, and said that Mr. Cantrell held, with much persuasive eloquence, that the collectivity must see to it that the relations of the sexes are so regulated as to insure a healthy race, I have given all there was to the debate, for it would be waste of good space to describe the vehemence with which Emma Goldman assailed his position. The thing that seems to be worth dwelling on is the fact that many of those who have been attending Anarchist meetings for long time past, and whom I personally supposed to be the foes of restrictive legislation and imbued with a dread of official interference, seemed to be carried away with the eloquence with which Mr. Cantrell defended his position. The absurdity of the thing was brought forcibly home to me when I found two women arguing vehemently that Mr. Cantrell was right, although I happened to know that both had contracted entirely happy alliances, which any

officialdom, charged with the duty of seeing to it that the purity of the race was maintained, would put immediately under the ban.

I myself had occasion to deliver an address on the centenary of Charles Darwin the following Sunday, and to point out that, if Darwin's doctrine is true, these things follow: (1) That the struggle for existence is individual, every being trying to make the best of its life. (2) That the chief aim of each individual in that struggle is to improve its environment, overthrowing and destroying it when unfavorable to its existence. (3) That in this effort to improve and, if necessary, revolutionize its environment the individual groups itself to the best of its ability, as conditioned by the amount of free choice it enjoys, with those who can assist it in such improvement, and (4) That, if Darwinism proves anything, it is that the individual creates the group and not the group the individual. (Which, I may remark incidentally, made a large number of Socialists furious.)

From this I went on to show that the stirpiculture, advocated as a policy by Mr. Cantrell, was diametrically opposed to the entire principle of evolution as explained by Darwin, who devotes his most eloquent pages to the part that free, individual sexual selection plays in the perpetual elevation of the type, giving the flower its scent, the bird its plumage and song, and the mammal its courage—the truest and the most gorgeous poem ever submitted for the contemplation of man.

On the other hand I showed, quoting from the records of local societies and idiotic bills introduced by hayseed legislators, that he who says official stirpiculture says the "knife," which has been freely advocated as the treatment for criminals.

To-day's papers give me the news of how a Los Angeles woman of culture and refinement, wishing to marry a Japanese of the superior class, for whose scholarship and mental elevation she vouches in a most eloquent interview, was set on by a howling mob at Portland, Ore., and rescued by the police only to be thrown into jail and released on the promise that she would abandon her matrimonial intentions. On her departure for the South she was again assailed by a fanatic herd and pelted.

That mob was undoubtedly actuated by confused stir-

rings of the very doctrines—the State Socialistic doctrines that sacrifice the individual so remorselessly—which Mr. Cantrell ardently advocated. Its action springs from a blindness to the priceless value of individual freedom which Emma Goldman so dauntlessly champions by word and deed.

However, the debate drew an immense crowd, and is itself still earnestly debated.

W. C. O.

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THE CONFESSION OF AN AUTHOR

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

AMONG the modern writers who are not satisfied to give merely artistic expression of their creative work, but strive to actively participate in the social and political life of the times, stands in the foremost ranks H. G. Wells. Like Leo Tolstoy, Anatole France, G. B. Shaw, Maxim Gorki, Jack London, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Octave Mirbeau, José Echegarey—to name only those best known—Wells also enters the arena of social battle to voice his political faith and to defend his *Weltanschauung*.

H. G. Wells is a prolific writer. So far he has published short stories (three volumes), romances (eleven volumes), novels (two volumes), sociological and Socialist essays (five volumes). To the last series also belongs the work recently issued by Putnams Sons, "First and Last Things."

The author calls his book a frank confession of the early twentieth-century man—a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties, and the expedients with which he has met them.

Autobiographies and confessions have ever been a favorite mode of expression of the thinker, the artist, and the social transvaluator. A confession is the most characteristc *document humain;* a veritable treasure for the psychologue and literary epicure. More true wisdom can be learned from the confessions of a St. Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, Jacob Böhme, Wolfgang von Goethe, Jean Jaques Rousseau, Sören Kirkegaard, Oscar Wilde,

Leo Tolstoy, Peter Kropotkin, or of a Maria Bashkirtseff than from scores of philosophic and historic volumes. Every pathfinder in the realm of thought is urged by inner necessity to reveal his soul, his inmost being, his doubts, and struggles, to bear witness to the integrity of his faith, and to offer his martyrdom on the altar of humanity. Confessions may differ in form of expression and contents, but their aims are always similar. H. G. Wells deals less with his own personality than with his attitude toward the *Zeitgeist* and its problems.

As in his former sociological works, "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," "Modern Utopia," and "New Worlds for Old," we also find in "First and Last Things" the attempt to solve the riddle of life.

The conscious impulse to solve this enigma was, indeed, never so strong as in our epoch. We, the children of the twentieth century, lack conviction—a positive *Weltanschauung*. Ruderless we drift upon the ocean of life. We are tormented by the consciousness that in spite of all mechanical progress and our increased cognition of natural laws, in spite of all our knowledge, systematized into sciences, we have approached no nearer the adequate solution of life's enigma than our forefathers. We strive to find *terra firma* in the chaos of the innumerable hypotheses and creeds. All the subtle, yet necessary and unavoidable, problems, which occupied the philosophic minds of the ancients, still press for solution.

Great unrest characterizes, more than ever before, contemporary thought. It oppresses alike the philosopher, the man of science, the artist, and the social student. Wearied by the vain efforts and broken in spirit, many are driven into the arms of mysticism: a Verlaine, a Huysmans, a Strindberg, a Laura Marholm, believe to have found the solution of life's problem in the lap of Catholicism. But the strong and vigorous seek new leaders and new values. Isben, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Rodin, and Wagner discover to them new worlds.

What manner of world is offered to us by H. G. Wells? What is his faith?

He believes that the time has arrived to revive metaphysical discussion for a satisfactory solution of the modern problems of life. The subject of metaphysics is thoroughly treated in the first part of his "First and Last

Things." The author takes the exact sciences severely to account and proves, with a fine touch of scepticism, the delusive character of our senses. By many an apt example we are made to see the ease with which the eye, the ear, and other human organs can be deceived. The fallacy of considering language a satisfactory means of expressing thoughts and feelings is also pointed out with convincing clearness; an observation reminding one of the excellent work of Fritz Mauthner, *Versuch zur Kritik der Sprache,* discussing this theme in an ingenuous and able manner.

What, however, are the practical conclusions from these observations, according to H. G. Wells? All the great and important beliefs—he holds—by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expressions. Therefore the right solution of life's problems is, in the estimation of our author, the abandonment of infinite assumptions, the extension of the experimental spirit to all human interests—Pragmatism.

The second part of Wells's book deals with Belief; the third, with General Conduct; and the fourth, with General Things.

Under the composite head of General Conduct the author elucidates the problems involved in the social question, and strives to explain his personal attitude toward Socialism. He criticizes both revolutionary Marxian Socialism and the administrative State Socialism, as well as the Cunctator tactics of the Fabians. To him, Socialism is the collective consciousness in humanity . . . a common step we are all taking in the great synthesis of human purpose. It is the organization, in regard to a great mass of common and fundamental interests, that have hitherto been dispersedly served, of a collective purpose.

He holds that Socialism is, and must be, a battle against human stupidity and egotism and disorder, a battle fought all through the forests and jungles of the soul of man. As we get intellectual and moral light and the realization of brotherhood, so social and economic organization will develop. He considers poverty merely one of the symptoms of a profounder evil never to be cured by mere attacks against itself, which disregard the intellectual and moral factors that necessitate it. And therefore the So-

cialism which fights poverty and its concomitants alone must inevitably result in failure.

It is rather peculiar that one holding such sound Anarchist views should so near-sightedly fail to draw the logical conclusions from his premises.

The author proves an opportunist of deepest dye the moment he turns from general theoretic questions to practical means and tactics. He is opposed to all individual initiative, even considering the latter anti-social. His views as to marriage, the family, State, war, and especially with regard to militarism, are contradictory and untenable. It is nothing short of ridiculous to consider militarism as "a step to a higher social plane," when compared with the activity of the producer.

It is also incomprehensible that the author has failed to emancipate himself from the spook of State—the more so, since he builds his hopes for the future on the co-operation of voluntary associations and brotherhoods, the *Samurai,* or "new republicans."

However, according to Wells's own confession, he has freed himself in "First and Last Things" from many fallacies he championed in his former sociological works. It may, therefore, not be out of place to express the hope that his next earnest attempt will finally land him on the shores of a Stateless humanity.

But even if we cannot give our unqualified assent to the conclusions of H. G. Wells, we can conscientiously recommend his book as a valuable contribution to modern thought.

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A LAST APPEAL

OUR first appeal, published last October, *re* the organization of the International Congress, which should have taken place in the current year, brought only very few answers.

Meanwhile time is getting short.

We find ourselves obliged to address a few plain words to our comrades, and to tell them that it is of no use to constitute organizations if these have to remain on paper and not become a living and acting reality.

We have no need to discuss here with those comrades who disbelieve in the possibility or usefulness of a general

and permanent organization amongst the Anarchists of different countries. They are within their rights in not caring about an initiative which they don't like—although they could have profited from a meeting of comrades which, without binding them otherwise, would give them the opportunity to defend their opinions and become better acquainted with the opinions of others.

But those who initiated, or who hailed with enthusiasm the idea of an Anarchist International, ought to have tried their best that this International should live a prosperous and useful life.

One should therefore convene everywhere and without delay, by the initiative of those who are interested in it, all comrades, and propose to them to adhere to the International, if they had not done so already, and to decide as to the questions concerning the coming Congress. All approved resolutions should then be communicated to us as soon as possible, so that we may take them into consideration in the preparation of the Congress and the determination of date and place of meeting.

Remember the decisive importance which this Congress must have for the Anarchist International.

It is, in reality, a question of life or death.

To continue a worn-out life, without real effect on the development of the propaganda and Anarchist action, would be worse than useless. It will be for the Congress to see whether the hour has really come for concerted action between the Anarchists of all countries, and how to realize such action.

The question of principle was settled—for the adherents, at any rate—at the Amsterdam Congress. It is time now to act—and the sooner, the better.

Let us not forget, either, that the question of the Congress is intimately connected with that of the Bureau: If no Congress will be held this year, if comrades do not answer our repeated appeals for a stronger agitation for the enlargement of the A. I. and for the common and more systematic action of the Anarchists of all countries, the Bureau has no more *raison d'être* and becomes, by the fact of its members' passivity, a platonic organization, without special ideal, without real value, and consequently non-existent.

The existence of the Bureau, as it is now composed,

ceases formally on September 1st, 1909, nominal date of the next Congress.

It goes without saying that, if comrades from all parts find premature a Congress during the current year, but if, at the same time, they promise us their material and moral aid; if they try to give more life and activity to the International, if they take themselves energetically to the organization of Anarchist forces into groups and federations—strengthening in this way the Anarchist International and giving to the Correspondence Bureau the possibility of being the bond between all those groups and federations; if the comrades would undertake this most necessary work in the Anarchist ranks, the Correspondence Bureau, as it is at present composed, would not refuse to continue to work until the next Congress, and would take an active part in this work of organization, without which the Anarchist propaganda will continually suffer.

But if, at this last appeal which we issue to-day, comrades do not answer in this sense and leave the A. I. and the Correspondence Bureau to their own fate, our position will become more and more untenable, and we shall be glad to see the approach of September 1, when, relieved of our mandate received in Amsterdam, we shall get rid of a ridiculous burden which might have otherwise been, if wished so by the comrades, an agreeable duty and a work to which we would have always been ready to give our best energies.

It is our last appeal. To those of you who stand for Anarchist organization belongs the last word. We await it, hoping still that at the eleventh hour you will understand the capital importance of putting into practice the principle of organization and the absolute necessity of reacting against the apathy which seems to have overtaken all our groups at the present moment.

To work, comrades, and *the sooner—the better.*

The Correspondence Bureau.

E. Malatesta, *A. Schapiro,*
R. Rocker, *J. Turner,*
J. Wilquet.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The last elections of officials of the Confederation du Travail was hailed by the conservative press as a victory for the "sane" element. In place of Grifuelhus, the revolutionary, the candidate of the opportunists, Niel, was elected as the General Secretary of the Confederation. How little the rejoicing of the reactionaries was justified, was quickly proved by the recent strike of the post and telegraph employees. Never before did a General Strike of a certain department prove so successful. Paris was far more completely cut off from the rest of the world by the might of the workers than was the case in 1871.

The government has been forced to capitulate, yielding to most of the demands of the strikers.

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The new daily paper of the revolutionary syndicalists is appearing since the first of February. It is called *La Revolution.*

Comrade Malato, having recently inherited some money, devoted the same to the founding of the paper. Such a publication was a crying necessity, having for its purpose the opposition of the opportunist elements within the movement.

Besides Malato, Pouget, Faure, Mme. Sorge, and other able comrades are co-working on the editorial staff.

La Revolution is published at Paris, 12, rue du Croissant.

SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is about once more to act the policeman for Bloody Nicholas.

Vladimir Rasenko, a Russian, has been arrested at the instigation of the Russian government. He is charged with having participated in the robbery of a mail train at Larga (Russia) in September, 1908. During the affair one soldier was killed and several others wounded. Then the "robbers" broke into the car and expropriated seven thousand roubles. Several of the men were arrested on the spot. Others, among them Rasenko, escaped. Upon learning that Rasenko sojourned in Switzerland, the Russian government demanded his extradition, to which request Switzerland eargerly acceded.

The workingmen of Genf have taken action against the extradition of Rasenko, by calling a large meeting to voice their protest against the contemplated outrage. Similar meetings are being organized all over Switzerland.

After having been imprisoned nine days, Comrade Coppa Eugenio was expelled from this country and handed over to the Italian authorities at Chiasso.

GERMANY.

A number of comrades, among them Gustav Landauer, have recently organized the Socialist Bund and are now publishing a new sheet called *Der Socialist*.

The chief object of the Bund is to begin *now* the preparatory work of ushering in a free society, within the confines of existing conditions. Instead of mere negative criticism, active work is planned; instead of the passive, the active General Strike is to be practiced. The chief means of realizing this programme will take the form of groups, organized for production and consumption, combined with educational work, both calculated to undermine the present political and economic régime.

The address of *Der Socialist* is: Berlin, Skalitzer Str., 24 A.

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The Prussian Minister of War has felt his dignity offended by an editorial in *Der freie Arbeiter* and caused a charge to be brought against the paper. Comrade Ernst Böttcher, the editor, was thereupon arrested and sentenced to one month imprisonment.

The "honor" of the Minister is now saved.

RUSSIA.

According to statistics furnished by the Police Department to a committee of the Duma, there were 3,319 condemnations to death by military courts and 1,435 executions during the four years ending January 1, last. There were 683 additional executions under the special drumhead court-martial law which was effective from August 1, 1906, to May 3, 1907.

These terrible massacres have moved even the conservative Duma to make a protest. Naturally, nothing in the way of results can be expected from that protest. Only the resurrection of a strong revolutionary movement can prove effective in stopping such wholesale murder.

ARGENTINE.

The Syndicalist Revolutionary Federation has issued a call to all South American labor organizations to participate in a Congress. Many promises to send delegates have already been received from Chile, Paraguay, Brazil, Peru, and Uruguay. The comrades of Argentine are expecting good work for the movement to result from the Congress.

HUNGARY.

The military Moloch has again demanded more victims. Comrades Chènyi and Feldmann, charged with anti-military propoganda, have been sentenced to one year prison each. Their "crime" consisted of issuing an appeal to the recruits, calling upon them to refuse to play the role of murderers of their fellow-men.

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FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND

F. Barone, Acton, Ala	$1.00	A Friend, Chicago	.50
F. Milbrat, New York	1.00	D. Glick, Philadelphia	1.00
Italian comrades of Black Diamond, Wash., per L. Galleani	3.50	Leo Kopczynski, Milwaukee	1.00
L. M. Studebaker, Atlantic City	.25	Alice Stone Blackwell, Boston	9.00
		Per Solomonoff, Syracuse	2.50

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BOOKS REGEIVED

COMPENDIO DE LA HISTORIA DEL SOCIALISMO. A. Hamon. Salud y Fuerza, Barcelona.

ECONOMIC INFLUENCES UPON EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES. Frank Tracy Carlton, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

COMRADES. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

ERIN'S HOPE. James Connolly, J. E. C. Donnelly, 749 Third avenue, New York.

COMRADE KROPOTKIN. Victor Robinson, The Altrurians, New York.

THE CONNECTING LINK. B. A. Simpson.

DER STAATSSOZIALISTISCHE CHARAKTER DER SOZIALDEMOKRATIE. Ferdinand Domela Nieuwenhuis, Archiv für Socialwissenschaft, Tübingen.

ALMANACCO DELLA RIVOLUZIONE. 1909. Gruppo La Propaganda, S. Paolo, Brazil.

THE BOMB. Frank Harris, Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

REBEL RHYMES. "The Unknown."

DER ANTIMILITARISMUS ALS TAKTIK DES ANARCHISMUS. Pierre Ramus, Brüssel.

THE OPEN SHOP. Clarence Darrow, S. A. Bloch, Chicago.

THE CRISIS. Robert Hunter, S. A. Bloch, Chicago.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **50c.**

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$1.00**

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... **$1.60**

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. **$2.00**

Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$2.00**

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... **10c.**

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Law and Authority. An Anarchist Essay. By Peter Kropotkin ..... **10c.**

War. By Peter Kropotkin.....**5c.**

The Basis of Trade Unionism. By Emile Pouget.... **5c.**

Evolution and Revolution. By Elisée Reclus..... **5c.**

History of the French Revolution. By C. L. James **$1.00**

Monopoly. By William Morris..... **5c.**

Useful Work Versus Useless Toil. By William Morris **5c.**